



LUCK? WELL—
Brown—What a lucky fellow Robinson is.
Jones—Lucky! I should say he was. Why, his fiancée's birthday comes on Christmas.

FICKLE FORTUNE.
Tom—What is Dick wearing mourning for?
Harry—His wealthy uncle has just recovered.

AN OBSERVING BOY.
Little boy—When I'm grown up I'm goin' to be a perliceman, an' you can be my nurse.
Little girl—Policemans don't have nusses.
Little boy—Don't they? I guess you've never walked up the avenue.

AN OLD HABIT.
"I see that Masie has decorated her sitting-room with swords, guns, pistols and fols."
"No wonder. She always was particularly fond of having arms about her."

THE REAL PROBLEM.
Hostess (to famous explorer): Tell me, Dr. Polarovich, what is the most interesting problem of polar expeditions?
Dr. Polarovich: How to get back home!

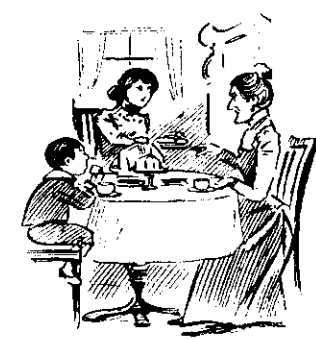
THE LAST WORD.
Mr Jigsby (the discussion having become somewhat personal): "You may talk till doomsday, George Jigsby, but you'll never get me to admit that a wife is bound to do as her husband tells her."
Mrs Jigsby: "By gravy, madam, if I outlive you I'll have it engraved on your tombstone that you were a good and obedient wife!"



BETTER THAN THE EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM.
Mrs Trippe: Didn't you say that Mrs Strappe got her furniture on the instalment plan?
Mrs Craven: Yes, she had four husbands, and got a little with each!

DISGUISED.
Manager: What's this item in your expense account for "hardware, \$50"?
Salesman: Hardware? Oh, yes; that's for poker. I thought it would look better put in that way.

SHE KNEW HER HUSBAND.
Peddler: Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home.
Mrs Daggs: Have you got one that says, "Better late than never?"



Lady (who is taking tea with friends): Is asked to take another roll: No, thank you. Really I don't know how many I have eaten already.
Son (aged eight): has been allowed at tea table on strict understanding that he doesn't chatter: I know, Miss James. You've eaten six, 'cause I've counted 'em.

LOVE'S GRAMMAR.
"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Millie," said Archey, with trembling and wobbling chin.
"Why don't you dare to ask it?" the maiden said, demurely.
"Because I can see 'no' in your eyes."
"In both of them?"
"Y-yes."
"Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an—how dare you, sir! Take your arm from around my waist instantly!"
But he didn't.

FORWARD YOUTH.
It was late and getting later. However, that did not stop the sound of muffled voices in the parlour. Meantime, the gas meter worked steadily. The pater endured it as long as he could, and then resolved on heroic measures. "Phyllis," he called from the head of the stairs, "has the morning come yet?" "No, sir," replied the funny man on the "Daily Bugle," "we are keeping it back for an important decision." And the pater went back to bed wondering if they would keep house or live with him.

CONSCIENTIOUS.
Biddy: I'm sorry to say, sor, Miss Giddy ain't at home.
Mr Colde (facetiously): Why sorry, Biddy?
Biddy: Because 't's the biggest story I ever told in my loife.

THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.
Tatters: Wot I say is this, free education is a cuss to de perfession.
Raggles: 'Ows that, Tatters?
Tatters: 'Ow's that? Why, spend-in' the 'ard-earned taxpayers' money in givin' gals cook'ry lessons, teachin' 'em 'ow to use up cold wittles. Life won't be wuth livin' for sich as us.

THEY HAD PAID.
A gentleman who was on a visit to Niagara (when the car raised and lowered by steam power was in use) went into the starting house to witness the descent, being too timid to go down himself. After the car started, fully impressed with the danger, he turned to the man in charge, and said: "Suppose the rope should break?" "Oh," replied the man, who had no eye for anything but business, "they all paid before they went!"

AN ANGEL.
Tramp: Be careful how you refuse me food—you might be entertaining an angel unawares!
Servant: Faix, I niver see an angel, but if they be loike yez it's devil a wan I want to be.

WHAT HE THOUGHT.
Mrs Blossom (wrathfully to 'bus conductor): Why didn't you stop the 'bus when I waved my hand the first time?
Conductor: I didn't know you wanted to ride, ma'am.
Mrs Blossom: What did you suppose I waved my hand for, then?
Conductor: I thought you was a-trying to mash me.

EASILY DECIDED.
Patient: What have I got, doctor?
Young Physician: I can't exactly tell whether it is rheumatism or influenza, but I've been called in to see a man with influenza, and when I see what he looks like I'll come back and tell you.

AN EASY TASK.
Miss Vervysoph: Oh, professor, I hear that you maintain that the world is millions of years old; so you must sit next me at dinner and tell me all about it!

NATURE'S ARRANGEMENT.
He: "On what ground do you explain the fact that a great many more men than women are born into the world?"
She: "I don't try to explain it. Nature probably knows what it is about. I am told that the male mosquitoes outnumber the females in about the same ratio."

ALWAYS ASLEEP.
"Suppose I put on your husband's headstone the word 'Asleep'?"
"It will not be necessary; he was a policeman."



TO DECIDE THE BET.
Farmer Hayrick: 'Scuse me, mister, but ther boys er bettin' thet yew be one o' them idiots they call dudes. Be ye?

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.
So you lent Harbinger the money, did you?"
"Yes. He promised to pay with alacrity."
"He did, eh? Well, let me tell you this: if there's one thing that's scarcer with him than money, it's alacrity."

WOMAN'S AMENITY.
Miss Plainly: "I never had a picture of myself that I liked one bit."
Miss Caustic: "I don't blame you, my dear."

THE PERFECT BOY.
"I never heard of but one perfect boy," said Johnnie, pensively, as he sat in the corner, doing penance.
"And who was that?" asked mamma.
"Papa—when he was little," was the answer.
And silence reigned for the space of five minutes.

WOULD ACCOUNT FOR IT.
Mistress: "How is it I saw a police man hugging you in the kitchen last night?"
Maid: "I don't know, mum, unless you was peeping through the key-hole."

THOUGHTFUL MAIDEN.
"Isn't that the young man you were engaged to?"
"Yes, auntie."
"But why did you break it off?"
"He believes in the germ theory, and that kissing is dangerous."
"But surely that is right and proper?"
"In a scientist, yes; but not in a husband."

CALL FOR AUTHOR.
Passenger (to bookstall boy): "You probably did not know when you sold me that book that I was the author."
Bookstall Boy: "Did you write it, sir?"
Passenger: "I did."
Bookstall Boy: "Then ye'd better keep quiet about it, sir. I heard a chap say he would like ter kill the man as writ that book."

STILL TRUE TO HIS COLOURS.
Weary Raggles: "What has become of Lazy Luke?"
Tired Tatters: "He's at work."
Weary Raggles: "Horrors!"
Tired Tatters: "He's at work trying to perfect a labour-saving machine."
Weary Raggles: "Oh!"

SQUELCHED.
Philanthropist: My good man, what do you do with your wages each week? Put part of it in the savings bank?
Drain Worker: Naw; nawt on yer life. After I be payin' de landlord, de grocer, de bootcher, me life insurance, de corner s'loon an' de instalments on me wife's bicycle and me darter's piany, I packs away what's left in barrels. I don't believe in thim savin's banks.